

HOLIDAY GOODS AT G. W. BOWERS & CO.'S.

The News-Herald.

Office: Hoggard Building, W. Main St.

DECEMBER 23, 1886

WILL. H. SHADE, Editor.

TEN PAGES.

10,000 pounds Soft Soap wanted.
J. S. ELLIOTT & CO.

Card Cases at Detwiler's.

For holiday candles go to W. C. Smith.

Dr. N. B. Lafferty visited at North Liberty last week.

There will be a festival at Dodsenville school-house Christmas Eve.

Oranges, bananas, lemons, figs, dates, raisins, etc., at W. C. Smith's.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Nelson spent Monday and Tuesday in Cincinnati.

We pay the highest price for Wheat at Hiestand & Cowman's.

Miss Carrie Wetmore left yesterday to visit friends and relatives in Springfield.

French candles 40 cents per pound or 2 pounds for 75 cents at W. C. Smith's.

Mr. Elwood Nelson arrived home from the West Tuesday to spend his holiday vacation.

The Y. P. M. S. of Lynchburg, Va., will render a cantata Christmas Eve at Woodrow Hall.

Capt. A. A. Kennedy has so far recovered as to be able to be on duty in the Parker House office.

Correct styles in elegant stationery just in at Smith's Drug Store. Will be pleased to show you.

Mr. Aylette Fullerton came home from Wooster last Friday, to remain until after the holidays.

Masters Walter and Sammie Amen are visiting their uncle, His Excellency Gov. Foraker, at Columbus.

Family bibles, poets, autograph and photograph albums, the largest and finest stock in town at Bowles'.

Stationery boxes containing 25 envelopes and 25 sheets paper from 10c to \$1 per box at Smith's Drug Store.

Mrs. H. A. Pavey, who went down to Cincinnati last Thursday on a visit, returned home Monday evening.

Mr. Mood Mosier, who has been attending college in Springfield, came home Saturday to spend the holidays.

The Chautauqua Circle meets this evening at the residence of Capt. J. M. Hiestand, on West Walnut street.

Mr. John F. Nelson is spending the holidays at home. He leaves early in January for the New England States.

Prof. H. G. Williams will deliver his lecture, "The Four Pillars," at Lynchburg, Wednesday evening, December 29.

Smokers desiring a fine cigar, cigarettes or smoking tobacco will find the finest assortment at Smith's Drug Store.

Mr. Tom Callahan, of the Pan Handle Railroad bridge building corps, with headquarters at Springfield, is visiting relatives here.

Messrs. Sam Glaze and Ed Muniz, formerly of this place, but now of Ottawa, Kan., are spending their holiday vacation with relatives here.

There will be a grand festival and oyster supper at New Petersburg M. E. Church on Wednesday evening, December 29, the proceeds to go toward paying for an organ.

Mr. Charles M. Harsha, through his agent, Ellis Pence, has erected over the grave of the late Samuel Waterfield, at Highport, Brown county, an elegant \$500 granite monument.

There will be an entertainment at New Petersburg Christmas Eve for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday-school. Among the attractions will be vocal music by little Lizzie Montgomery.

Mr. "Jap" B. Marshall, remembered here as a talented and successful journalist, a pleasant gentleman and a useful citizen, dropped in on us last week from Springfield for a short visit.

Miss Jennie Harris, after a prolonged visit among relatives here, departed for her home in Paducah last Saturday to the intense regret of numerous admirers. Miss Sallie Murphy accompanied Miss Harris.

An infant son of Mr. Joseph Rittenhouse, of near Rainboro, died last Friday. The funeral took place Saturday, Rev. J. W. Klise officiating, and the remains were interred in the New Boston cemetery.

J. T. Wright, of Highland county, through his attorneys, Smith & Savage and Levi Mills, has filed his petition in the Court of Common Pleas for \$5,500 damages from the incorporated village of Wilmington. The suit grows out of injuries Mr. Wright sustained by slipping on an iron thimble covering a coal pit under the sidewalk in front of the Midland Hotel. He was disabled and for several months was confined to his room, has since been disabled from his usual avocation, so that his injuries are permanent. The petition alleges that the fall which occasioned the injuries was due to a condition of the sidewalk, for which the Wilmington authorities were responsible, through negligence. The accident occurred during the very cold snap in December, 1885. The plaintiff was at the time engaged as a miller at the mill of Faison & Peters. — Wilmington Democrat.

Toilet Cases at Detwiler's.

Emerson's butter cups at W.C. Smith's.

Mr. Noble Shaw, of Cleveland, is visiting relatives here.

Go to Bowles' for Christmas cards, novelties and souvenirs.

Miss Mary Reece leaves next week to visit friends in Springfield.

What is nicer for a holiday present than a gold pen? At Detwiler's.

Miss Maggie Worthington, of Staunton, O., is visiting Miss Margaret Hiestand.

Rev. Dr. Helt will occupy the pulpit at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning.

Mr. John Arthur is spending a few weeks at Mineral Springs, Adams county, for the benefit of his health.

Dr. W. W. Dawson, Cincinnati's wealthiest and one of her most prominent physicians, registered at the Kramer House Friday.

Miss Nellie Collins left Monday for Clermont county, where she will remain about three weeks among relatives and friends.

We understand there are a number of worthy Republican applicants for the position of Superintendent of the County Infirmary.

Mr. J. A. Weber, late of the Park Hotel tonsorial parlors, Columbus, is a new addition to the force at Frank Leber's palace.

The cantata "Santa Claus' Mistake, or the Bundle of Sticks" will be rendered at the Presbyterian Church next Friday evening. Admission free.

The dedication of the New Clear Creek M. E. Church took place Sunday with appropriate services. A number of persons from this city were present.

When making your engagements for holiday week do not forget the lecture for the benefit of the Young Men's League at the M. E. Church Thursday evening.

Mr. John McCabe, who left this city about four years ago, and from whom nothing was heard for a long time, is mining in the mountains near Helena, Montana.

Out flowers for Christmas can be obtained at Bowles'. Special orders should be left at once as it is difficult to get them filled at a late hour, owing to the rush of Christmas trade.

The Chautauqua Circle will spend an "English evening" at the College Chapel on New Year's evening. The exercises will consist of music, tableaux, etc., and an exceedingly pleasant time may be anticipated.

Miss Iva Kennedy, of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, and Miss Pauline Peters, of Vicksburg, Miss., also a pupil of the institution, will arrive in this city Friday evening to visit Miss Kennedy's father, Capt. A. A. Kennedy, and Miss Gertrude Bell, of East Walnut street.

The lecture on "Rome, Pompeii and Vesuvius," to be delivered by Dr. Baylies at the M. E. Church next Thursday evening, December 30, promises to be a rare treat, and those who are capable of appreciating intellectual entertainments of this high order will fill the house. Tickets may be secured at "George and Jack" Bowers' news store.

Of the stores that are selling holiday goods none seem to have the rush that may be seen at Bowles'. Their immense stock of books and stationery, fancy queensware and china, Christmas cards and novelties draw the crowd. A special attraction for Christmas eve will be cut flowers. Button-hole and corsage bouquets and cut flowers in any form may be obtained that day at Cincinnati prices.

When choosing gift-volumes for friends all should bear in mind that either "Echoes from the Highland Hills" or "From Highland Hills to an Emperor's Tomb," by C. H. Collins, Esq., could not be improved upon as holiday presents. They should be found in the library of every family in the county. They may be found at Sayler's or Bowers' bookstore, or ordered through the author. Price \$2.

The "National Union," a mutual insurance company, held its annual election of officers Monday evening, which resulted as follows: President, W. C. Duckwall; Vice-President, G. W. Bowers; Ex-President, Chas. N. Holmes; Speaker, John R. Callahan; Secretary, S. Lewis Holmes; Financial Secretary, W. Hoyt; Chaplain, C. M. Harsha; Usher, J. M. Chaney; Treasurer, F. S. Glenn; Sergeant-at-Arms, Cass Wright; Door-keeper, Thos. W. Hannaford; Trustees, W. C. Cowman, J. B. Worley, J. M. Kay.

The convenient custom prevailing at present in our social circles by which those "on hospitable deeds intent" entertain their friends serially, has some very commendable features. Like a well-written story, each installment proves the more delightful. The children—God bless them—appear only by means of their partial historians. If servants are discussed, this deponent heareth it not. No gossip, most honorable gentlemen! Mrs. John Conrad again extended the characteristic hospitality of her lovely home to a party of her lady friends last Saturday evening. A choice repast was served at an early hour. Lively chat by the merry matrons and music (of the national, classical and other selections) enlivened the later evening, and the appreciative guests, along with their good-nights, mingled congratulations and thanks to their happy hosts.

A Guest.

Music Rolls at Detwiler's.

Emerson's Boston chips at W.C. Smith's.

Fine Havana cigars at the Gem Barbershop.

Hand-made creams 25 cents per pound at Smith's.

Misses Flo and Ruth Beam entertained a number of young friends Tuesday evening.

Mr. T. W. Connelly, of Manchester, a new Lieutenant of Co. C, 13th Regiment, was in this city last Friday.

The Tramp's "incidental remarks" on another page will, it is thought, be found rather interesting. The incidental remarks are not applied indiscriminately to those in attendance at the Masonic reception, but are simply occasioned by some of the discussions which have grown out of that occasion.

The two poetical gems in this issue, from Mr. H. A. Pavey's pen, have been evolved from the busy rush of an active law practice. Such brilliant poetical and literary genius will not down, but occasionally emits its electric flashes, although its possessor has turned the full power of his genius toward another field.

Mr. Joseph Ellis, of Elmwood, Ill., was in this city last week for the first time in eleven years. With his brother Ed. he is in the hardware and tinware business in Elmwood, and both are prospering. Ed., who will be remembered as one of the leaders of the old 13th Regiment Band, is directing a similar organization at that place.

The NEWS-HERALD is proud of the high literary that pervades this issue. The contribution by C. H. Collins, Esq., is equal to any body else's best. Mr. H. A. Pavey makes us wonder, as we do regarding Mr. Collins, why the legal profession would have been chosen instead of literature, and Miss E. L. Grand-Girard, Hugh McNicol, "Highland Boy," Doc. Hiron, and "Brutus" all come in for a share of praise.

Rev. Dr. McCurely, while on the way to preach the funeral of the late John Buntin, on Wednesday last week, was thrown from his buggy by an unmanageable horse and sustained a broken nose. Regardless of the pain he proceeded to his destination and performed his sad offices before seeking medical care. The gentleman is getting along well, and the disfigurement will hardly be perceptible.

Failed for Gaming.

Moore Rice's faro bank was pulled by Marshal Rhodes and Officers Stevenson and Newman about half-past 3 Monday afternoon, the "layout" falling into the hands of the authorities. A number of arrests were made the same day, but the charges were not sustained, though some citizens of prominence and high social standing had "hair-breadth" escapes. Rice, for exhibiting a gaming device, was fined \$25, and will be tried for gambling this afternoon. John O'Connell, for suffering gaming on his premises, was fined a like sum. And the end is not yet.

A Mean Trick.

Those who have heard about it are willing to vote that Mr. W. T. Bowers is "the meanest man in town." This is how it was: On Monday his son, Jack Bowers, attained his majority, and that he be taught dependence upon himself and be made to realize the importance of his twenty-first birthday, Mr. Bowers, sr., and Mr. George Bowers put their heads together and schemed. George got Jack's "pop" and put it where he couldn't get it, and before daylight Monday morning awakened Jack with the startling information that there was "a man in the house." Not knowing that he was the man, Jack arose from his dreamy couch picturesquely in *de habille*, and sought his gun. It was gone; but the cartridges were there, and as the next best thing to having his gun he seized a handful of cartridges and started valiantly in search of the imaginary intruder. So far it was only a joke, but everybody will agree that Mr. Bowers, sr., should not have yelled "there he is!" at the time he did. The report is that a panic resulted, and had anyone hurt themselves getting away, Bowers the elder would have been liable to prosecution for criminal carelessness.

Had the furniture been any one else's a charge of malicious destruction of property might have resulted, for they say Jack stopped for no obstacle until he reached the seclusion of his boudoir, as the cartridges without a gun refused to go off, and he thought his means of defense inadequate considering the risks run. But when he found out it was simply done to celebrate his birthday he took the joke in his usual graceful style, and gave them to understand that he knew it was a joke all the time and merely acted his part so as not to disappoint those who wanted to have some fun.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Joseph Basil Lucas died at his late residence on North East street at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening of ulceration of the bowels, aged forty-four years. He was a house-painter by trade. During the war he was a member of an Indiana regiment and a member of the G. A. R. at the time of his death, and that organization will have charge of the funeral obsequies, which will be held at the M. E. Church in this city at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The interment will be made at New Boston. He leaves a wife and three small children.

Miss Fanny G. Lilley, a wealthy and well-known maiden lady, died at her late residence on East Main street at 6 o'clock a. m. yesterday (Wednesday). The funeral will take place from the residence at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Rev. McCurely, of the Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member, officiating.

Misses Mary and Sara Scott entertained a number of young lady friends with a charming "dove tea" Tuesday evening, at their father's elegant home in the North End.

Young Men's League.

This organization met Monday evening and transacted some business, and enjoyed a couple hours of social intercourse. Among the entertainments they will soon offer will be a fine Magic Lantern exhibit through the kindness and under the supervision of Mr. Frank Sayler. The lecture committee reported a very favorable outlook for the Dr. Baylies lecture to be held Thursday evening next.

The Creamery.

Company have contracted for the erection of a building and the placing in position of the proper appliances. They have purchased a tract of land known as the Reece lot, situated opposite the Mitchell farm, on the Cincinnati pike near the railroad junction. The building will be a frame, 25x60 feet, and will have three "dead-air" walls. The engine room will be 12x20 feet, and the office 12x30 feet. Work is to be commenced at once. Certificates of incorporation were filed at Columbus last Friday.

Workboxes at Detwiler's.

An Autocrat of Social Science.

Is the appropriate head to a little note received at this office from one whose high, secure social standing no one has ever questioned. Here is the note:

Appropos of the charming Masonic ball, it is amusing to hear the editor-in-chief of the Gazette speaking by the card so patronizingly to "our neighbor down the street" of the usages of polite society. Not a decade ago Uncle Slocum stood his sponsor to the drawing-rooms of Hillsboro, and very difficult and wearisome he found his self-elected god-fatherhood, and we have heard it intimated among his deeds and words in behalf of his graceless god-child.

Fountain Pens at Detwiler's.

Royal Arrangement.

Hillshoro Council, R. A., elected the following officers at their meeting last Friday evening for the following year: Regent, S. Lewis Holmes; Vice-Regent, O. S. Lemon; Past Regent, J. B. Rowe; Orator, J. R. Callahan; Treasurer, Chas. N. Holmes; Secretary, Wm. H. Glenn; Collector, R. J. Duffey; Guide, A. W. Downing; Wardens, Chas. M. Harsha; Sentry, J. A. Young; Trustees, Wm. Hoyt, Wm. H. Glenn, J. B. Rowe; Representative, J. B. Rowe; Alternate, S. Lewis Holmes. The Grand Council meets soon at Cincinnati.

Picture Frames at Detwiler's.

Missionary Services.

The W. F. M. S. conducted the services at the M. E. Church Sunday evening, Mrs. Rev. Pearson presiding. Papers were read by Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. John A. Collins, and selections by Miss Mattie Mather and Mrs. Cotton Mather. Mrs. Grace Sloane sang an appropriate solo in her unrivaled style. It is to be regretted that the public have such few opportunities to hear her voice. Miss Margaret Chaney and Miss Fannie McKeehan, in well-selected recitations, found opportunity to display a knowledge and command of elocution far above the ordinary. But no feature of the evening was more satisfactory, entertaining and praiseworthy than the declamation "My Dolly" by little Georgia Sinks.

Writing Decks at Detwiler's.

Attempted Murder and Suicide.

George Hackett, a young colored barber at Greenfield, shot, with murderous intent, a young colored girl of that place by the name of Graves last Saturday night at about 11 o'clock. The ball (a No. 32) entered her side and was taken out of the back. After shooting the girl he turned the revolver upon himself and fired, the ball entering his side. It was afterward taken out of his back. Neither wound is considered dangerous. The couple had attended a show held in the Town Hall. After it was over he accompanied her to the residence of Mr. Samuel Douglas, where she was employed as a domestic, and when he reached the door he asked her to become his wife. She plainly and positively refused, when he drew his pistol and told her she should never marry anyone else, and fired, with the above result. He then walked to the front gate and up street, without seeming much hurt, and the girl was taken into the house by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. The demoralizing drama was probably the cause of it all.

Scrap Books at Detwiler's.

The English Literature Society.

Held its regular meeting Monday evening last at the Presbyterian parsonage. Although both host and hostess felt the effects of their recent accidents, the evening was one of the most pleasant and entertaining since its organization. Dr. McCurely, the President, being unable to appear, the duties of that office devolved upon Miss Grand-Girard, who conducted the exercises in a most able manner. The field for the evening's discussion, under the general head of the Continental Literature, extended from the Greek and Roman verifications to the poetry of the Troubadours. In answering the question, "What kind of poetry did the Troubadours compose?" Miss Grand-Girard, after apologizing for having fallen into poetry, proceeded to read, in a most pleasing manner, a beautiful poem on "The Troubadours," which elicited much praise and many congratulations from the members, accompanied by a universal request that she allow it to be published. Owing to the fact that the night for the next regular meeting will be during the week of prayer, the meeting will be postponed one week, and will be held on Monday evening, January 10th, at the home of Mrs. Eliza Cummings, on East Main street.

Painted Articles at Detwiler's.

The Troubadour.

But what can I say of the Troubadour? Who wends his way thro' forest and moor, And is welcome in cot and lordly hall, As he trills his merry songs for all? For serf and hind, for lord and king, His roundelaye he'll blithely sing.

And he crosses o'er mount and stream and sea, At home, in castle, or cave or lee, His lays are cast in heroic mold, Of lady fair and chivalier bold, Of gallant knights who scorn a lie, And for country or love to meekly die.

Then he'll tune his lyre to a higher strain, And sing of faith, and of heroes slain, Whose loyal souls, to country true, No breath of treason ever drew.

New friendship is his lofty theme, As strong and pure as a poet's dream: When on the "horizon's purple rim" The sun's bright rays at eve are dim.

His muse averse to earthly glory, Repeats the old celestial story, With fervor, strikes his willing lyre, His words glow with prophetic fire.

Forgetful of earth's passing fame, He chants, and labors "in his name," Of faithful love, ah, who so well, A tale, as Lion-heart, could tell?

Returning from the Holy War, He journeyed from his home afar, We led by evil-fortune's star, His glorious deeds, he sought to mar.

Cast in a gloomy prison's cell, He dreamed he heard death's fatal knell, Two years! how long they seemed to him, A prisoner in a dungeon dim.

His throne is lost, his lot on earth, Far from the land that gave him birth, The Lion-heart grows feeble now, His kindly hopes to sorrow bow.

And looks and longs to be set free, By death from this captivity. One summer eve the royal guest, About to seek his nightly rest,

Lo! through his prison's iron bars To Heaven's radiant, distant stars, His gaze fixed on the ether blue, His thoughts to home and kindred flew.

When suddenly his heart stands still, His limbs shake with a mortal chill, Surely his ears have mocked his brain, Yet 'tis the tender sweet refrain, That years gone by in sunny France, When wearied with the spear and lance, With Blondeville's skillful minstrelsy He oft had played and sung the glee.

Again he hears—the faint low notes, Above, around him gently float, And call to life his captive's pain, And all to life the music comes.

A pause has come, the music ceases, The royal prisoner's face gleams, Then he, with voice as soft and low, Takes up the stanza, then he'll know, If 'tis a dream, or wind, or vision, That echoes from the fields Elysian.

No! 'tis no dream, for Blondeville's voice, And harp bid Richard to rejoice! His loyal, loving Troubadour, Has scaled the wall, has opened the door, Has found his king and he is free, The captive's gained his liberty.

E. L. GRAND-GIRARD.

Photo Albums at Detwiler's.

School supplies at Detwiler's.

Burch Miller.

Is getting along well. Dr. W. W. Dawson, of Cincinnati, came up on Friday and held a consultation with Dr. Brown, and it was decided that another amputation will have to be performed. When the limb was amputated what are known as "side flaps" were made, instead of anterior and posterior flaps, which the most approved methods of surgery insist should be made in amputations below the knee. The second amputation will be made as soon as Mr. Miller gains a little more strength. His appetite is improving, a very favorable indication of returning strength.

Holiday presents at Detwiler's.

MAYOR'S COURT.

Bose Thomas, for disorderly conduct, will work out an X and costs.

Milt Wright, drunk and disorderly on the 17th, was fined \$5 and costs. Secured.

Poor Frank Beard—old gag—plain blind drunk Saturday. Five dollars and costs. Breaking stone for the corporation.

The Rileys, G. W. and J. W., were to have been tried for assault and battery Saturday, but the prosecuting witness failed to come to time, and they were dismissed.

Tom Dillon, the North High street saloonist who was arrested some days ago on the charge of selling liquor to a minor, had his trial before the Mayor Monday and was discharged, the evidence offered not sustaining the accusation.

Uncle Isaac Groves and his better half, Aunt Maria, an old colored couple, were arraigned before the Mayor last Thursday upon the complaint of another aged colored individual named Captain, charged with purloining a fine game rooster and two pullets from the roost belonging to said Captain. The contradictory evidence of two giddy young colored dandies, offered as witnesses by the prosecution, damaged that side so much that the defendants were discharged.

CHARLES THIS TIME.

Last Saturday evening Charles Ford, whose name has been seen in print before, became disorderly, when Officer Stevenson arrested him and started for the "quay." Ford started to accompany the officer in his meek, characteristic way, but changed his notion suddenly, and giving the officer a push that sent him a dozen feet away, started to run. He got away, but was arrested by Marshal Rhodes Monday morning and taken before the Burgomaster, when he pleaded guilty to resisting an officer and raising a disturbance, and was fined \$25 and costs in one case, and \$10 and given thirty days in jail in the other, which debts he is now lamely attempting to liquidate by cracking and-stone at our battle's useful annex, the work-house. The probabilities are that he will keep sober on Christmas.

Fresh hand-made caramels at W. C. Smith's.

HUGH McNICOL,

From Whom We All Rejoice to Hear,

Treats Us to a Few Lines After the Manner of Holiday Contributors,

But Written a Style Particularly Hugh McNicol's Own and Nobody Else's.

This old terrestrial express train is running on a side-track to allow Santa Claus to pass on his special train. Century after century it has gone spinning along its orbit, carrying its countless freightage of humanity nearer and nearer to its destination. There is no ballast on this road, no jar from faulty machinery or improper grading, no hot-boxes on this train. The conductor minds his business and the train-dispatcher makes no errors. We are all aboard. Where are we going? Let's get a time-table and find out about this road. Turn over the pages of your time-table and you find that the train has been running 1886 years, and a foot-note tells you that it ran before that under another schedule—how long, no one knows. On your map you find the route of the line running far back into the territory of uncertainty. In the land of the present the tracing grows faint, and near the borders of that uncertainty into which we are running the line disappears. Just this side the confines of uncertainty is the depot of death. Whether we will or not we are going right on with irresistible speed. Pilgrim, where are you going? There are no junctions and no stop-over tickets on this road, and the train whistles for no crossings. This train started from the platform of creation and is due at the gate-way of eternity. All around us are other planets on other orbits—other celestial railways, all tending to the grand central depot of the unknown. Our track is laid in the depths of infinitesimality and our train rushes on from the dark uncertainty which lies behind to the darker uncertainty which lies before.

Amid all this uncertainty there is a natural longing to reach out and take hold of something stanch and real—not a "barren idealism"—and I know of nothing which answers the purpose better than the hind leg of a Christmas turkey. No man with his mouth jammed full of macaroni or chicken-salad is going to puzzle his brains out puzzling over the mysteries of existence. Bryant's remedy for the blues is:

"Go forth under the open sky,
And let the Nature's teachings
But I say go to the pantry and eat strawberry short-cake with a sugar spoon. Of course, that is different. You and Bryant can try the open-sky scheme if you want to, but if my plan don't work you can get measured for a coffin at my expense, and pay for it."

"Christmas comes but once a year."

I am glad it comes as often as that. The extent of its observance among the nations lies near to the limit of the influence of Christianity in the world. In it we celebrate the birth-day of that Man for whom no man is capable to write a eulogy. The heroes of past ages appear little better than butchers under the searching light that the civilization of nineteenth century throws back upon their lives and deeds. The Swedish nightingale did more good with her singing than Alexander did with his conquering hosts. Lewellyn's dog deserves a grander monument than France's cruel emperor. But, when placed in contrast with Jesus of Nazareth, all the mighty monarchs and titled tyrants of twenty-five centuries dwindle into the basest insignificance, and become mere pawes before the king-row on the chess-board of existence. If you are an admirer of great men, kneel at the shrine of that Man who was more of a philosopher than Plato, whose wisdom was more wonderful than Solomon's, whose eloquence was more powerful than the silver tongue of Cicero or the dignified diction of Demosthenes. On Christmas day it is well that the church should be open and the market should be closed; it is well that the forge should cool, that the hammer should rest, that commerce should cast anchor, and that the pulse of manufacture should cease to beat; it is well that courts and congresses and common people should stop to study the wondrous wisdom of the Eternal Plan, and that friends and families should gather round the table furnished by the hand of that Sovereign to whom the day is consecrated. Be thankful. Let the merchant balance his ledger and make out a receipt in full to the providence of God. There is no man but owes a debt of gratitude to the Almighty that has been bearing compound interest at five thousand per cent. per annum since his first birth-day. Honor your notes and square your accounts. The basest wretch that treads the soil of earth may be thankful that he is not dead and damned.

I do not favor an unduly festive Christmas. I do not proffer indulgence to the German who begins imbibing Christmas early in the morning and keeps on till toward the close of the day; he is so full of it that he can't hit the side-walk with his hat once in ten throws. I do not excuse the Irishman who celebrates his Christmas with whisky straight till his legs get as crooked and tangled as a hat-rack. I do not approve of that kind of a Christmas which brings men into Mayor Harman's court next morning, looking as if they had been caught out in a shower of razors or corn-cutters and found it impossible to get under shelter; nor of that Christmas which makes a man walk up next day with his head feeling a trifle smaller than the planet of Mars, and

more mud on his clothes than he has a right to claim without a warranty deed for real estate. The loss of that kind of Christmas we have in America, the better for the health of the people.

The custom of giving and receiving gifts is an appropriate method of observing Christmas. It follows the example of Him whose life was given for humanity, and whose every word was a priceless gift to this sin-stained world. I am one of those who believe that "charity begins at home," but it spreads outward. It is stingy selfishness that begins and ends at home. Then do not pass by the poor with your nose on an angle of thirty degrees, right ascension.

What a host of pleasant recollections hover round that one word, "Christmas!" How enchanting are the mysteries of the Santa Claus myth! The name suggests the essence of music, poetry and cramp-colic. Christmas is not a time for the grown folks to wear their brows wrinkled up like the face of a wash-board, nor for children to be tortured on the rack of etiquette. What a multitude of the world's children are dangling over the ragged edge of expectation on Christmas Eve! Shall I ever forget how, as an eager urchin, I peeped forth from the multiplex covers of a trundle-bed, waiting for one of Santa Claus' reindeers to knock a brick off the chimney-top with one of his antlers? Who dares question the happiness of the average boy when he has a candyball in each cheek, a gross of fire-crackers in his pocket, and a gross of pains in his stomach? Oh, I wish I were a nine-year-old or Christmas lasted six months and I had a sock as long as a clothes-line!

The year is in the sheaf. Its golden opportunities are gone forever. Its hopes and fears and pleasures and pains have faded from realities to recollections. The news that first startled us as it clicked from the electric wire has passed into the history of the world. What a motley mass of happenings have stamped themselves upon memory's tablet since the holidays of '85! Weddings and funerals! Glorious good times and disappointments that choked hope! Broken vows and dead impulses! Now is a time to hold invoices and sum up attainments. It is a time to review your course in the past, value your position in the present, and map out plans for the future. The errors of the past are irrevocable, the things of the present are passing away, the promises of the future are uncertain. The man who has been weighing lard or measuring calico for twelve monotonous months ought now to weigh the questions of the hour and measure the duty which now devolves upon him.